

After all, isn't it pretty good to be living, even at the increased cost?

Vaccination experts say that many people can escape smallpox by a scratch.

Now the women are moving to end the war. It is very proper—they furnish the warriors.

Harry Lehr declares that he has a parrot that can think. Wonder what the bird thinks of Harry?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she is leading "a rushed, jammed, triple life." Then Wilcox should assert himself.

Amid the excitement of the election returns King Edward pulled off his sixty-third birthday almost unnoticed.

"What has become," says the Atchison Globe, "of the old-fashioned woman who wore a nuba?" Inquire in Abyssinia.

In Japan women are employed to sweep the streets at night. This is sufficient evidence that the streets of Japan are well swept.

A Philadelphia preacher says that the devil lurks in every place of pie, and considering his position, he ought to be an expert on piety.

A scientist now announces that Scotch whisky is often treated with creosote. We always have been down on this "treating habit."

The market report that storage eggs are beginning to move suggests that they must be acquiring some of their old-time and well-known strength.

Rio Janeiro is having anti-vaccination riots. Goodness! If people have to be vaccinated down there why does anybody want to live in Rio Janeiro?

As though flattery could "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," the British will fire salutes over the remains of poor old Oom Paul at Cape Town and Pretoria.

A Boston judge decides that a hotel is not an inn. To the judge's mind, perhaps the word "inn" conveys an idea of comfort not realized in his experience with hotels.

A horse case has been before the courts now for more than two years up in Montreal. By this time, of course, the lawyers' bills far exceed the value of the horse.

"All society women should work," says Mrs. Chaffield-Taylor. Which is an instance, without regard to the slow laws of evolution, that all butterflies shall at once store honey.

These Russian editors who are rejoicing in the liberties they now enjoy should try a few months of editing in America to get a grasp of what freedom of the press really means.

A London physician thinks that he has discovered that blonde women are more subject to heart disease than brunettes. Some blondes of the poroxide type lose their hearts too early for that.

A Baltimore street car conductor who found \$2,000 in his car was given a reward of 25 cents when he returned the money to its owner. Hetty Green wasn't in Baltimore at the time, either.

From Budapest comes tidings of the invention of a new musical instrument, the tarogato, which, it is said, will prove a valuable addition to the Wagnerian orchestra. It has a Wagnerian sound.

The English newspaper man who has invented a process for making bread, without any additional plant or any extra ingredient, so that it takes only one hour for the dough to rise, instead of from four to twelve, must be a handy man to have around the house.

The man who never saw a modern football game explains that when he wants to see slugging he prefers to go to a regular prize fight, where he can see it all. In a football match, he says, a good deal of the hard hitting in the crush must be missed by the spectators.

The New York Herald in reporting the loss of a \$10,000 pearl necklace, says that the streets of New York appear to be littered with gems. There is a strong probability, however, that the patriotic citizens of the metropolis will anticipate the street cleaning department in removing this litter.

Barrett Wendell thinks that Abraham Lincoln's excellence consisted in the fact that he elevated himself above the so-called lower classes in which he was born. Abraham Lincoln, however, would probably admit that he never got into Barrett Wendell's class.

The sand-blasting machine has been called into play in New York to remove the stains of time from the grand old city hall. New York would sand-blast the pyramids and think it had improved their appearance.

# JEST NUTS

**Pocketless.**  
"We can trace many of our sins to Adam," said the breakfast philosopher, "but there is one that we cannot."  
"What may that be?" asked the hat clerk.  
"Walking around with hands in our pockets."

**Still Insinuating.**  
Bill—A man wouldn't expect to be cheated in church; now, would he?  
Jill—No, not unless he was married there.—Judge.

**Let Her Down Easy.**  
Sibyl—"Mr. Joshem complimented me on my intellectuality last night. What do you suppose he meant by that?"  
Phyllis—"Oh, it was a polite way of admitting that he hadn't the nerve to call you a beauty."

**No Encouragement.**  
He—It is a serious matter when love comes into a man's life.  
She—Yes, especially when it isn't contagious.

**Strong Marks.**  
"Here's a description of that defaulting cashier: 'About 45 years old, height 5 feet 8, rather stout, blue eyes, prominent teeth, inclined to baldness.'"  
"He'll soon be caught. It should be easy to locate a man with stout blue eyes and teeth with a little hair on them."

**His Reason.**  
"Do you mean to tell me that you voted for this administration?"  
"I do," answered Colonel Jaggars. "It was under this administration, sir, that the experiments were conducted showing the extent to which imported liquor is adulterated, thereby proving the superiority, sir, of our native moonshine article."—Washington Star.

**Son of His Father.**  
Popleigh—"My wife has a book in which she records all the bright things our baby gets off."  
Smithkins—"Why I had no idea the little fellow was old enough for that sort of thing."  
Popleigh—"Oh, yes. He repeats everything he hears me say."

**Know His Ways.**  
Pretty Parlor Maid—"There is a gentleman at the door, ma'am."  
Mistress—"Did he give you his card?"  
Pretty Parlor Maid—"No, ma'am; but he insisted on giving me a kiss."  
Mistress—"Oh, that is my brother Jack. Let him in."

**Tommy Had Upset the Ink.**  
Tommy—Ma, lend me a lead pencil.  
Mother—I just left pen and ink on the parlor table for you. What do you want with a pencil?  
Tommy—I want to write to the editor of the paper to ask him what'll take ink stains out of the parlor carpet.

**No Occasion for Alarm.**  
Percy Moneybags (who is eloping with Deacon Poorman's daughter)—Darling, what if your father should overtake us?  
She—Don't worry about that, Percy. Pa has gone ahead to have the preacher in readiness.

**All Fixed.**  
"Now, dear," said Mr. Polkley, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to you father?"  
"You needn't bother," replied the dear girl. "Pa said he'd speak to you to-morrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."

**His Ambition.**  
"But you may discover the Pole yourself," suggested his friend.  
"Oh, no," said the leader of the relief expedition. "I shall be quite satisfied if I discover the man who went to discover the Pole."

**After the Scrimmage.**  
"Was Tommy hurt badly, Jack?"  
"I guess not. He hasn't complained."  
"What does he say?"  
"Nothing. He hasn't come to yet."  
—Puck.



Lady—Did you ever feel as though you'd like to work?  
Tramp—Yes'm. I wouldn't mind being a lineman for a wireless telegraph company.

**Ancient Football.**  
Hannibal lined up his elephants and then arranged his army behind them. "Our line is heavy enough," he mused. "And our back field isn't so light, either," he added as he glanced at the black Carthaginians.  
Then he gave the signal and plowed through the Roman right guard for a considerable gain.

**Backwoods Impressions.**  
"Mammy," said the little Georgia pickaninny, "Ah's head tell ob dese heah automobiles so much. What do dey look lak?"  
"De goodness only knows!" responded his mother, "but Ah spees dey looks lak de ol' Nick. Ah've heahd dey all hab horns."

**A Getaway Artist.**  
"Fly with me!" pleaded the ardent youth.  
"But," said the dubious maiden, "I am afraid that they will come after us."  
"Let them," he exclaimed in disdain; "I know my business. I was with Kouropatkin in Manchuria."

**Not Qualified.**  
"I'm afraid," said the senior partner, "this new stenographer won't do."  
"Why not?" asked the junior partner.  
"She has no judgment. She writes my letters just as I dictate 'em—grammar and all."

**Insulting.**  
"The landlady is just hopping mad at old man Sharp."  
"What is the trouble now?"  
"Old man Sharp tasted the butter yesterday at dinner and suddenly reached over and handed the landlady two tickets to the pure-food show."—Cleveland Leader.

**Smart Boy.**  
"Boy," said the cautious old lady, "how many people are in that elevator?"  
"Six," chuckled the boy, "and if you get in it will remind me of a card game."  
"What card game, boy?"  
"Seven up."

**Art Criticism.**  
Uncle Josh—There was one of them landscape painters around here yesterday.  
Uncle Silas—Well, landscape painting ought to be a good, healthy occupation. It keeps a man out of doors an' give him plenty of fresh air.

**Please Ask a Policeman.**  
The man who doesn't know enough to look sober when a girl says that she is made with him is sadly inexperienced.—Boston Globe.  
But just suppose the girl is mad with him because he can't look sober?

**Pulled Out.**  
"What has become of Halfback's hair?" asked the man with the mutton flag.  
"Haven't you heard?" asked his friend. "Why, his team matched a lady football club and the ladies lost."

**Auric Astigmatism.**  
Little George—Aw, why can't I be something beside ordinary?  
Mother—What's the matter now?  
Little George—A new kid come to school to-day an' his ears ain't alike.

**Counts in the Indictment.**  
"One argument for allowing the seals to be exterminated is that they eat large quantities of fish."  
"But the best reason is that they furnish the raw material for expensive garments and eat up money we can't afford to spend. Confound their skins!"

**Before and After Sleeping.**  
Bailey—What time were you up Sunday morning?  
Galleigh—Four o'clock.  
Bailey—What! Do you mean to say you got up at that hour?  
Galleigh—Oh, when did I get up? That's different. Half-past 11.

**Perseverance.**  
Binks—I wonder why Jones never succeeded. He's a very persevering fellow.  
Jinks—That's his trouble. He perseveres in trying to pick up a penny, while a big round dollar is rolling right past him.

**Blue Laws.**  
Drummer—So Bacon Ridge is a very moral town, eh?  
Postmaster—Gosh, yes. Why, the citizens won't even let their elder work on Sunday.



She—Did you ever play football?  
He—No, but I once got caught in the crush around a bargain counter.

**Perverse Woman.**  
Hickory—It's an awful thing to propose to a girl seriously and then have her throw you down!  
Slippery—Well, you shouldn't have proposed to her seriously; then she would have accepted you.

**Insulated.**  
Smythe—I should think these motormen would get some awful electric shocks now and then.  
Browne—Well, I don't see how. They are non-conductors, you know.

WORSE.

## Ultimate Fate of Man

We have from two distinguished sources rear and forward views of man, and it is to be regretted that from neither standpoint is there much reason why the highest of creation as he exists to-day should vaunt his pride. The past robs him of part of his glory, and the future holds the awful possibility of his reduction to second place in the animal kingdom.

First, we may travel back a few thousand years with the famous Assyriologist, Prof. A. H. Sayce, whose words have the weight of authority. In reading the facts of the ancient monuments he finds that the oldest inhabitants were really very gifted persons. Egypt and Babylon had their literary activities, their great libraries and their strenuous politics. "We have learned many things of late years from archaeology," he writes; "but its chiefest lesson has been that the age of Moses, and even the age of Abraham, was almost as literary an age as our own." Of course the writers of those times did not have to send return postage on their manuscripts—it would take a few bushels of 2-cent stamps to get back a hieroglyphic slab—but they write as persistently and quite as well as the people do to-day. So why should man boast of his progress during the thousands of years that have come between?

## To Subdue the Furnace

The local Society of Fine Arts has started its fall classes in furnace-craft. There is a popular opinion that all that it is necessary to do in the way of running the cellar's coal eater is to throw on the diamonds, let the fire get well under way, shut it up, shake it down at night and empty the ashes Sunday morning. These are the very crude ideas of immature thought.

The furnace, like the locomotive, must be petted, groomed and cared for by a furnaceler who makes it a labor of love, or he will never get out of it the quid pro quo to which the house is entitled. Quid pro quo is Latin for that variety of hot heat which, like that letter, is longed for, but sometimes never comes. Heat is a funny thing. It is just as well satisfied to go up the chimney or out into the cellar as into the drawing-room or bathroom. And there is always lingering around on the outside of the house a climate fresh from Nebraska or Athabasca, or some other polar

climate that, like the last fly of autumn, is anxious to get inside before the bell rings. To care for this Nebraska chill the furnace man has accommodatedly arranged what is called a "cold air intake." Cut it out!  
It may do for Kentucky, but it is not the thing for Minnesota. The first thing you want to do is to get a stout furnace surgeon and excise the cold air intake appendix. About 8,000,000 yards of the Arctic circle are trailing around the house, moaning to get into the cold air intake. Cut it out!  
Let the cold air get in around the doors and window casings. It will get in, anyhow, but it is not necessary for you to provide it rapid transit facilities. Cut it out!

## Slang Was Bad Break

"Talking about fright and gray hairs," said a traveling man, "my hair never came so near turning white in a single night as it did a couple of weeks ago when I was in a town in one of the wildest patches of country in the West. I entered a cafe and started in to ingratiate myself with the boys, and was getting along fine. There was one old fellow who hung around the bar a great deal and seemed to have everybody scared. I made up my mind that he was a chap I wanted to have on my side, so I started in and made up to him the best I knew how. I told him all the funny stories I knew. Every time he laughed everybody else laughed, and when he didn't seem to like it, there was a general attack of the blues. After awhile he told a story himself. I laughed as hard as I could and slapped him on the shoulder and said: 'I've heard of you before.' 'You have?' said he, looking suspicious all of a sudden. 'Yes,' said I, 'and you're all right. You're a bird!'

"Of course," commented a listener, "this is about chapter III. She exclaimed: 'Spare him! Spare him, for my sake!'"  
"No. She didn't say anything of the kind. She merely said: 'Don't be a fool, dad. He didn't mean anything. He ain't heard a word about it.'"  
"Then she turned to me and said: 'You want to be keener about how you talk about anything in the fowl line before dad. He was tared and feathered week before last. He ain't got clear over it yet, an' he won't stand the jokin' about it, you see.'"

## Traits of the Aztecs

The Aztecs of old were not only great soldiers, but also diligent cultivators of the soil, and had acquired considerable proficiency in agriculture, although they had no horses, oxen or other animals of draught. To this day the men earn their living chiefly as day laborers in the fields now owned by the Mexicans. The staple product now as of yore is the maize, and next to it the maguey or agave, the sweet sap of which is the principal material for the famous Mexican pulque. Some species are cultivated as vegetables, others for the sake of their leaves which yield a strong fiber that can be woven into fabrics. Hence the saying that the agave supplies the people with drink, food and clothing. The men have little ambition to excel in handicraft. Farriery and carpentry are about the only trades they care to take up. In the cities they work as porters, carriers or peddlers, in a small way.

## Japs Make Record March

It was a matter of less than half an hour, writes a Harper's Weekly correspondent, before the Japanese held the main ridge to the left, or west, of the village of Sultean-za, and the great flanking movement over the hills was ready to begin, from the point gained, about 9 o'clock.

It was broiling hot at this hour, and the motionless air and the glaring sun promised to make the land a veritable furnace before nightfall. The dirty khaki uniforms of the stockily-built soldiers were wringing with water, but they marched forward briskly and with no display of exhaustion, though they had been up all night and had already worked three hours in a sweeter of heat.  
The fourteen hours' march made by that regiment of the guards, in the flanking movement, would have killed off half the men in any European or American force long before the Jap-

anese had finished it and were still keen to fight, and, notwithstanding this, the official report says that the left-wing division did not do so well as was expected! Only salamanders could have survived the heat and toil.  
It was a marvelous performance, and one which, at first blush, seems impossible, for it necessitated traveling beneath the crests of the mountains, in order to be screened from the enemy. They moved ahead on mountain slopes whose angle was often 60 degrees. They toiled through thick underbrush and around the bases of rocky pinnacles 500 to 800 feet above the valleys. One would have believed the feat impossible for loaded men, let alone heavily laden pack-horses. The left-wing regiment marched six miles in this fashion, and threatened Yoshirei (Yangtze'ling), in the rear of the main position, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.